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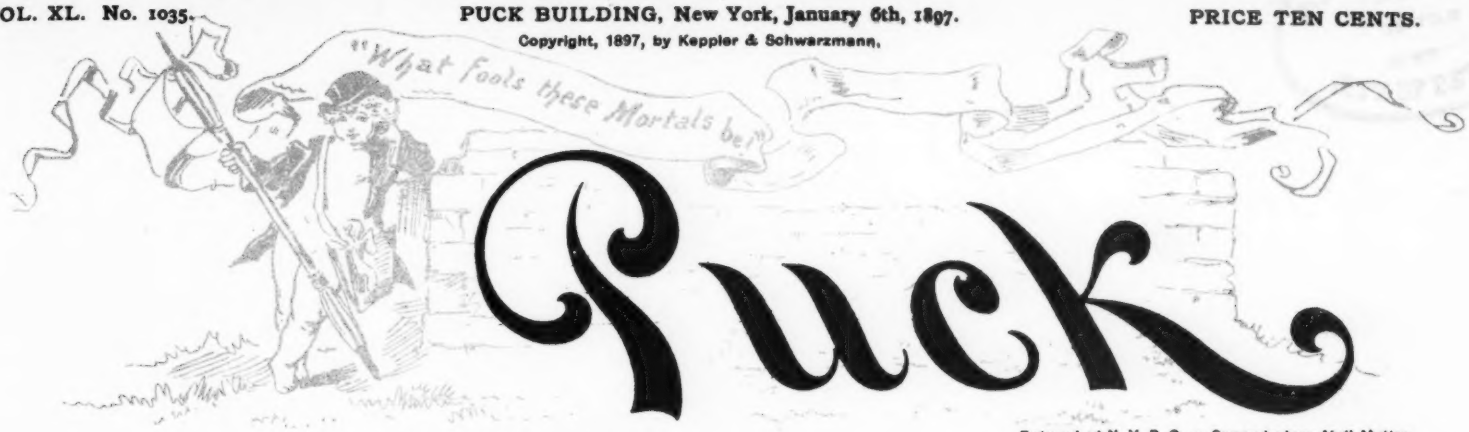

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THE NEW GIRL.

A LOST ROMANCE.

"THAT THERE picture always moves me," said the drummer, as he pointed with his stick to a highly illuminated chromo over the bar. It represented a St. Bernard dog with a huge keg suspended to its neck, coming to the rescue of a traveler with a pea-green face, who was waving his hands in true Hebraic style.

Col. Borax, to whom the remark had been addressed, sniffed disdainfully. "It moves me too — to profanity," said he. Don't git yer sentiments a-simmerin' over that yarn; it 's all a snide — a fraud."

"How do you know it is?"

"Because I been there. I dare say when that there picture was took there was some poetry in them dogs and the monks that run the holy hotel; but the march of civilization drove it all out."

"Were you ever rescued by one of them dogs?" asked the drummer, in a slightly sarcastic tone.

"I did n't give him no chance. Ye see, this was the way of it. I happened to find myself (it don't matter just how) in the neighborhood of the hospice of St. Bernard. Hospice, ye know, is a sort of Raines hotel run by the monks.

"Well, when I struck that district it was snowin' terrible; I was wet outside, but dry as a oyster cracker in my midst, and did n't have a kopeck, nuther. Well, says I to myself, this is a good chance for me to see if there 's any truth in this here yarn about the St. Bernard dogs and hit my thirst a knock-out blow at the same time.

"So I spraddles out on the snow within sight of the hospice and sot up a yell that would have roused a deef-and-dumb asylum. Pooty soon, sure enough, lumberin' down the hill come a critter as big as a yearlin' heifer."

"Ah! now we are comin' to it," said the drummer, rubbing his hands together.

"Well," continued the Colonel, "when I see that he had a big keg hung about his neck my mouth began to water. Looked like it had enough in to bathe a baby, and them monks don't drink no poor stuff."

"Say, that must have been a cinch," interrupted the drummer.

"Yas, it looked so." The Colonel paused and blew his nose loudly to cover his emotion; "but jest as I was a reachin' out to git a holt on the keg I see a inscription."

"A pious motto, I take it — a sort of grace before meat — I mean drink," helped out his companion.

"Not a bit on it. Translated it meant 'Drop a florin in the slot and get one of our St. Bernard Slings.'"

Here words choked him and he could say no more.

"And the dog, what did he do?" asked the drummer, anxiously.

"Say, that critter was as slick as a Chatham Street bartender. When he see I did n't have the price he give a grunt and shot off for home, and I had to do my own recscuin' that day."

E. D. Pierson.

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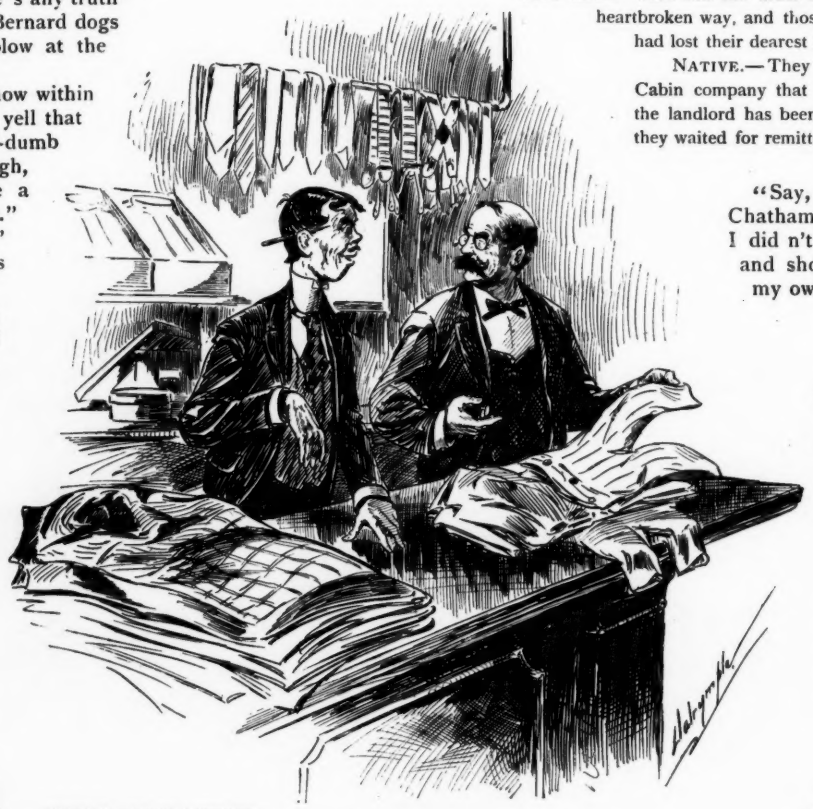
THEIR GREAT LOSS.

CITY MAN *(in Ruralville)*.— Pardon me, but whose funeral is that?

NATIVE.— It 's the landlord of the hotel that 's dead.

CITY MAN.— And who are those ladies who are sobbing in such a heartbroken way, and those gentlemen who look as if they had lost their dearest friend?

NATIVE.— They are members of an Uncle Tom's Cabin company that went broke here last week and the landlord has been boarding 'em ever since while they waited for remittances from New York.



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INFORMATION.

NEW SALESMAN.— Which are the four-year old sizes in boys' trousers?

OLD SALESMAN.— You mean the sizes for four year-old boys, don't you?

NEW SALESMAN.— Yes. Is there any difference?

OLD SALESMAN.— Of course. In this business, four year-old boys wear six-year old sizes. It pleases their mothers.

THE NEW YEAR.

This year the poet tears his hair;
It 's 1897,
And not a word to rhyme with it
But "heaven" and "eleven."

MIGHT BE TOO GOOD A MARK.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR.— Foreign news are about a column shorter than usual. What 'll we do? Run in that article you wrote last Summer about the Sultan joining the Y. M. C. A.?

GREAT EDITOR.— No; the Turkish question is losing interest. Just fix up a little rumor yourself. Let 's see. Write up a column saying that the Spanish government has offered Weyler's position to Mark Hanna.

IN SOUTH AMERICA the man seeks the office with a gun.

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SEEIN' SALLY HOME.

I.

THER 'S A sort of satisfaction
Seein' Sally home;
Like I done a moral action,
Seein' Sally home:
Jest as though my natchul figger
Stretched and growed some inches bigger,
Seein' Sally home.

II.

For a spell I thought I 'd drop it —
Seein' Sally home;
I was primed and cocked to stop it,
Seein' Sally home.
Ef she thought 'at she could flout me,
It was time she done 'ithout me
Seein' of her home.

III.

Next I knowed was Caleb Haskin
Seein' Sally home;
In the meller moonlight baskin',
Seein' — Sally — home!
Then we fit, fer I was heady; —
Sense which time I 've kep' on steddy
Seein' Sally home.

IV.

'T ain't no "shet yer eyes an' chance it"
Seein' Sally home;
If the word is "jig," you dance it
Seein' Sally home.
Thinks, sez me, as sure as preachin'
All your wits must be far-reachin'
Seein' Sally home.

V.

Tell you, it is up an' doin'
Seein' Sally home;
Bet your life there 's spice in wooin',
Seein' Sally home!
Will ter-day, and won't to-morrer,
Making jumps from joy to sorrer,
Seein' Sally home.

VI.

But, I guess, come Spring, I 'll quit it —
Seein' Sally home;
Seems as if I 'd kinder hit it
Seein' Sally home.
Both of us is tired o' waitin';
From the church I 'm calculatin'
Takin' Sally home!

Edgar Mayhew Bacon.

APPARENT HEARTLESSNESS.

LITTLE MISS CLARA. — Don't your sister go with that young man any more?

LITTLE MISS LAURA. — No; and is n't it a shame for her to treat him so after all the beautiful candy he 's brought her?

SENSITIVE.

PUPIL. — "Woman" is a common noun — common noun — third person — singular number — a — singular number — sing —

TEACHER. — That will do about singular number. Let us get past that and see what comes next.

AN INCOMPETENT OBSERVER.

SHE. — Are you sure Mrs. Brown wore white, or was it cream color?

HE. — Er — white — or black — did you say?

SHE. — White or cream color?

HE. — I guess I 'm color blind.

TOO ACCOMMODATING.

I.

MR. SHORT. — Aw! me good fellah, can you tell me where Canal Street is?

THE POET MUSES.

THERE ARE none like them.
None!
Those glowing, gorgeous, opulent
Pies of pun'kin'
That my mother used to —
'M — 'm!
All smelt up with cinnamon
An' nutmeg,
An' had a kind of a brown blister
On top;
They were all right!
A yard wide,
An' a foot deep.

Cut 'em once across this way,
An' once across that;
Take up a quarter-section
In your fist
An' — feed your face.
Talk about your flying wedge!
Talk about eatin'!
Talk about! —
But what 's the use!

Carl Currie.

THE "LONG SHOT" is a sad waste of ammunition.

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II.

THE GOOD MAN. — Certainly, sur! That 's it; roight down there.

LONESOMEHURST CONVENIENCES.

"DO YOU know," testily exclaimed Mr. Isolate, of the suburb of lovely Lonesomehurst, the other evening, to his neighbor, Mr. Hermitage, who had dropped in, in a social way, to borrow the Isolates' snow-shovel and mousetrap and a bit of smoked cheese for the latter, "my wife's brother, Mr. Citily, of New York, who was out here yesterday, actually asked me why on earth so many of the cottages in beautiful — only he did n't use the word 'beautiful'— Lonesomehurst came to have elaborate speaking-tube systems, and yet be without water-pipes 'and other civilized modern conveniences,' were his exact words."

"You don't say so!" ejaculated Mr. Hermitage, with polite incredulity.

"I assure you he did!" affirmed Mr. Isolate, earnestly. "'Many of the suburban cottages did originally have a labyrinth of expensive modern plumbing, which was either clogged with eels or frozen up half the time,' I told him, with dignity. 'But,' I explained further, 'their owners soon learned better. They got a water-witch to find them a well-site, and then they drained all the water out of the infernal plumbing, and took the faucets off and replaced them with whistles and mouth-pieces, turning the whole affairs into speaking-tube systems.'"

"The only trouble with the speaking-tube system in my cottage is that the former owner did n't turn the plumbing pipes into it until it was almost too late," said Mr. Hermitage, regretfully; "or else he used it for water, Summers, and was not careful to change it back to speaking-tubes before the cold weather set in, Winters. There are a few bad breaks in it; and a person in the tower has to yell rather loudly down through the drain pipe to be heard at all in the cellar."

"There are two or three defective pipes in our speaking-tube system, I am sorry to say," Mr. Isolate admitted, ruefully, with suburban candor. "The hot-water pipe, that originally ran from the bath-room, and which leads down through the dining-room, was burst so often before the faucets were taken off and replaced with whistles and mouth-pieces, that now, when Anabel is upstairs, she can't talk down through it to our latest hired girl, in the kitchen, without a guest in the dining-room hearing every word she says. But I hardly felt called upon to mention so slight an annoyance to Citily. Persons from the city are soured, unpoetical and pessimistic, and they are always making mountainous bugbears out of the merest of suburban molehill trivialities."

Con Converse.

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LOOKED LIKE A "TOTAL."

ROSENBAUM.— Vot for are you crying? — id ain'd *your* store.
ISAACSTEIN.— Dot 's why I 'm crying, Rosenbaum; — dot 's why I 'm crying!

NOT TO BE EXPECTED.

JOHNNY.— Mama, this looks as if it would be a big snow-storm, does n't it?

MAMA.— It does, indeed!

JOHNNY *(mournfully)*.—But I guess there 'll never be any more snow-storms like the ones they used to have when Grandpa was a boy.

THE COUNTRY clergyman is more likely to have a surplice than a surplus.

HAM, the son of Noah, got
With gayety imbued,
And was sent to the equator
Where he 'd have less latitude.

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THE MORAL.

INDOLENT IVERS.— Say, I 'll bet I 've lost t'roo a hole in me pocket dat nickel de woman gave me!

TIRED TOLLIVER.— Dat oughter be a lesson to yer to go an' git yer beer as soon as yer git de money.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

SHE. — George, did you ever take any interest in astrology? Do you happen to know what star was in the ascendant when you were born?

HER HUSBAND.—Yours, my dear, beyond a doubt.

AN INCIDENT FROM HISTORY.

Beneath the glance of Cromwell the cavalier parliament cowed.

"Take away the mace!"

Even Sir Harry Vane sat silent.

"Hereafter, perhaps, these proceedings won't be so spicy!"

With a supercilious sneer upon his face, Old Noll stalked out, conning over his lines in Curfew-Shall-Not-Ring-To-Night! — as he walked on to Whitehall.

IT IS trying to meet a man who will not listen to reason; and very often that is what he thinks about it, too.

THE "VEXED QUESTION" must be one which gets riled at the people who can't understand it.

THE GOODNESS of our intentions gets us very little credit when we stub our toe in action.

PERSONS OF many accomplishments often accomplish but little.

ABATING A NUISANCE.

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THE BUSY MAN.—Confound those Dago women! They have been chattering under my window for the last hour, and I can't get them to go away.

THE BUSY MAN.—They say "what can't be cured must be endured." I'll try a cure.

THE BUSY MAN.—More people than surgeons have to resort to the knife to remove trouble.

THE BUSY MAN.—Talk about cutting the Gordian knot!

THE STARS.

The stars, as you ken,
They favor some men
In a way that with justice conflicts;
And astronomers state
(I hear pretty straight)
That these stars — they are
some of them fixed.

Williston Fish.

IN BOSTON.

VISITOR.—And he does not object to being washed?

MAMA.—Certainly not. He is nearly a year old and he must know that it is necessary that he should be washed.

MRS. TARONI *(as she recovers her breath).* — Mucha brick-house falla down!

MRS. TARONI *(after gathering together her wood and retying it).*—Me no more long talka in thisa neighborhood. Devil's spirita he bita rope!

ENTIRETY.

"Yes," the pilgrim into the Occident answered, with a touch of pathos in his voice; "I am free to confess that they showed me a good deal of attention in that town."

"Yes?"

"Yes, indeed! I went there an entire stranger, and I had n't been there two hours before I was shy two fingers and an ear."

CONSIDERATION.

SMITH.—Brown was going to publish that book anonymously, but I advised him not to do it.

JONES.—Why not?

SMITH.—You would n't want to have his friends express their opinions of it in Brown's presence?

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LONELYVILLE DIPLOMACY.

MRS. ISOLATE *(discussing newly-arrived domestic, apprehensively).*—Did the new cook object to the distance of lovely Lonelyville from New York, Ferdinand?

MR. ISOLATE *(reassuringly).*—No, dear; I played checkers with her all the trip and diverted her mind.

KING SOLOMON'S WIVES.

No. 250.—Caught him at last, did she? The artful minx! She 's been setting her cap at him for years.

No. 225.—Yes; and she had the impudence to tell me she could have married him long before either of us did, but she just made him wait.

HER, ALSO.

SHE.—There 's that Mr. Flyp across the street. He says he knows all the pretty girls in our club.

HE.—He knows you, also, does n't he?

THE MAN who is always willing to let well enough alone, mighty seldom secures quarters in that much-talked-of room at the top.

THERE HAS been no stronger argument in favor of the extension of the civil service rules than the verse of that man Austin.

WHENEVER WE 're undergoing a trial of adversity we always feel as if we ought to have a change of venue.

PREJUDICE CAN look in a mirror without recognizing itself.

"LEISURE," SAYS the hustler, "is spare time in which a man can do some other kind of work."

CONSPICUOUS INSIGNIFICANCE.

"IT HAS got so, nowadays," ruminated the Kohack philosopher, "that there is a reg'lar pestilence of titles. We 've got coal barons, iron kings, railway magnates, financial princes, an' so on down through the catalogue. There are more varieties of professors than Carter had oats, an', goodness knows, he had a plenty; — besides the legitimate professors, who teach schools, every feller that cures corns, or fiddles, or sells patent medicine, or cuts hair, or medicates sick hosses, or runs a dancin' class, or hypnotizes, or mixes drinks, or does slight of hand, or teaches boxin' is a professor.

"We 've got judges to burn, an' colonels beyond all countin'. There is a negro college in a neighborin' state that will confer the degree of Doctor of Divinity on you for twenty-five dollars; or you can join a lodge an' soon have a row of titular initials strung on to your name. Or, if you aspire to suthin' more ornate, you can buy a title of nobility in Italy, as long as the tail of a yearlin' calf, for a few thousand dollars.

"It has come to sech a pass, by heck! that it takes about as much circumvention to avoid a title as it does to escape the tax-assessor; an' the best way to win distinction is to be jest a plain, untitled citizen. Therefore, I am proud to remember that I 'm nobody." *Tom P. Morgan.*

WHAT MAN has done man can do, and probably will, though, as to a great deal of it, he really should n't.

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A PRESCRIPTION THAT COULD N'T BE FILLED.

DOCTOR BONESET.— I think you should have some chicken-broth for your dinner.

MR. LIPSNER.— Dat 's a queer suggestion t' make t' a man in my condition, doctah. How 's I gwine t' git chicken — me lyin' here in bed an' can't move? You don't suppose Ise gwine t' send my ole woman out on sich a risky job as dat, do yo'?

IN THE SENATE GALLERY.

FIRST VISITOR.— I suppose there is little need of a sergeant-at-arms in such a dignified body as this?

SECOND VISITOR.— I understand he is kept busy. I believe it is his duty to wake up any senator who snores while a speech is being made.

IT WOULD be interesting to know if the women who marry pugilists succeed in having the last word.

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ALL WRONG.

PATER.— Confound it all! These writers in the home papers should be driven out of the country. Here 's some female quill-pusher telling parents "how to keep boys home at night."

MATER.— That is all right, is n't it?

PATER *(angrily)*.— All right, is it? You may think so, but I don't. What chance has those five girls of ours to be courted and married if the boys are kept home nights? Tell me that!

GROWTH.

VISITOR.— Chicago does n't grow on me.

NATIVE *(with asperity)*.— Indeed? Why, they accuse her of growing on almost any pretext.

HE REALIZED IT.

HIS FATHER.— Now you can see what your course of living has brought you to.

THE SPENDTHRIFT.— Yes, indeed! I can't borrow another cent.

TOUCHING CONFIDENCE.

BROWN.— Bighed has profound faith in progress.

ROBINSON.— Has he?

BROWN.— Yes; he feels certain that the world will be able to get along without him, after he 's gone; although he can't understand just how it is going to be done.

WHEN THE unexpected happens it is usually greeted with exclamations of "I told you so!"

THERE ARE men who never seem to
Pass the tender age of croup;
In the menu of existence
Never get beyond the soup.

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HAD ENOUGH FOR A RAINY DAY.

ROCKSY *(the receiver)*.— Never mind the umbrella, Bill; — it 's no good, anyway.

PUCK.

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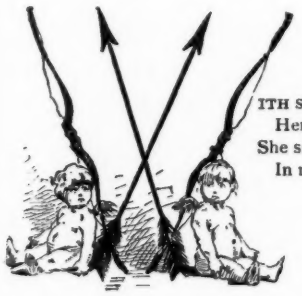
CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS. THE NEW CALENDAR hangs upon the wall with its twelve sheets of blank days that are coming along one by one to be filled by us well or ill, as may be. We are training the pen fingers to write "7" instead of "6," and scanning our resolutions of a year ago, to see which of them will bear re-enactment. We are not at all disheartened to find that most of them faded in their infancy last year, for such is apt to be the way of resolutions; and the way of man is to give them new life in the first days of a year. PUCK wishes a long and a strong life to each of these resolutions, and a year full of good works to all of their makers. The year just done has been a hard year, and one of grave import to our welfare as a nation. We have come through an ordeal that tried us sorely; yet it was one that we had forced upon ourselves by unsound thinking and reckless speaking and careless indifference. Our survival of it seems to carry a cheering assurance that we have learned its lesson, and will not need again to face it. Beside those resolutions of a purely domestic and personal nature, of which this season is so fruitful, however, PUCK would suggest two others: that our legislators and officials resolve to keep the needs of the people steadily in mind, to the exclusion of all thoughts about another term; and that the people resolve to hold them steadily to their appointed task, to the exclusion of all vain thoughts about party. With two such resolutions, well kept, we should walk the path of the year in peace and honor and prosperity.

AS TO THE SENATORSHIP. DO THE PEOPLE of the State of New York ever reflect, we wonder, that their general intelligence and moral status may reasonably be inferred from the kind of men they send to speak for them in the United States Senate? At present their State is reputed throughout the country to be one wholly given over to the most corrupt form of boss-rule, — a State where the best citizenship is of a low order and where the opportunities for official stealings are the most magnificent known. And if they feel resentful of this view and inclined to wonder at it, they have only to consider the two men who now represent them in the Senate, and the character of the man who seems to have the better chance of succeeding one of them. For Senator Murphy they can offer no excuse. As a ward-heeler he attained the highest efficiency possible to him. As a Senator he is an illiterate nonentity, incapable of anything save to show what boss-rule may do for a state. Of Senator Hill, — Charity invoking her favorite *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, — we feel constrained to say nothing. But, unfit as he was for the position of Senator, he was not so preposterous as Thomas C. Platt would be. Mr. Hill often displayed a commendable interest in the questions of the day. Mr. Platt is unique and remarkable for having never, by spoken or written word, declared the shadow of an opinion concerning any of the vital issues of the time. He has singly and unswervingly devoted himself to the manipulation of legislatures by corrupt means, and to the doling out of spoils. As far back as 1878 we find him attacking President Hayes for treachery to the New York State machine, and never since then has he opened his head except upon the one subject of patronage. Sent to the Senate, himself, in 1881, he promptly resigned, not from any high conviction that he could not acceptably serve the people of this State as a Senator, but because he was denied the spoils of office for which he had worked. In the fifteen years since that time he has been an active reproach to the Republican party of this State, — so utterly and cynically shameless in his methods as even to have won the admiration of the New York *Sun*, than which there is no truer seal of unworthiness for a public man. Should he be sent again to the Senate, the people of this State will have declared themselves to be as wanting in decent citizenship as he is. An energetic effort is being made to save the State from this disgrace, and to have it represented in the Senate by an honest and an honorable gentleman whose entire fitness for the place is disputed by no one. The result will show whether Thomas C. Platt or Joseph H. Choate embodies the political ideals of the State of New York. There is a wide difference between them, but it is the State's own funeral.



GLACÉ.

ITH SWERVE and curve, which only serve
Her grace the more to show,
She sways the gaze through mazy ways
In moving to and fro.

A nice device upon the ice
The flashing runners line,
As she to me, against the tree,
Sends nod and smile divine.

The rose that glows on each cheek shows
That her blood pulses warm;
My hue of blue shows that I 'm true,
But that I 'm not in form.

I shake and quake beside the lake,
And almost die of cold;
But still her will I must fulfill,
And stay, her wrap to hold.

Thus numb and dumb, I stand here glum,
To shiver while I wait,
And sigh to die to know that I
Have never learned to skate.

Wood Levette Wilson.

BETTER OUT OF IT.

FIRST PIG. — And they 'll cut us up for pork and use our skins to make foot-balls.

SECOND PIG. — Well, if they ever make a foot-ball out of my skin, I 'll be glad I 'm not in it.

HOPELESS.

SUMMER BOARDER. — I hope you 're not one of the cranks who vote to keep the city saloons closed on Sundays?

FARMER. — Nope. I judge from the city folks I see around here in Summer that it 's no use tryin' to keep 'em from drinkin'.

ENVIABLE.

I envy Paderewski and
The very handy way
He has of doing business, for
His work is naught but play.

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A HARD LANDLORD.

CASEY. — Yes, he 's me landlord; a hard, flinty-hearted, graspin' divil! He 's jist bin here tryin' t' squaze out foive dollars Oi owe him.

MCFADDEN. — Th' baste! An' yez hod th' foive?

CASEY. — Oi did that. An' it was hard work Oi hod gittin' them, too. It was th' foive dollars Brady owed me, an' Oi hod to nearly bate th' loife outen him to make him pay up.

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THE JOSHUA OF OUR SILLY SENATE IN HIS GREAT AC

GOLD STANDARD

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

GREAT ACT OF TRYING TO MAKE THE SUN STAND STILL.

HIS POWER WAS LIMITED.

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PROFESSOR HANKYPANK.—Ladies and gentlemen, you saw me plant the seed in the flower-pot, which I now cover with this cone. Next I proceed to --

—raise the cone. Presto!—we have here a plant in full bloom, grown in three seconds!

PROFESSOR HANKYPANK *(at home)*.—Darn it! I can't do anything with these plants! I've been watering 'em and fussing with 'em for the last six months, and they have n't grown a sixteenth of an inch.

THE LANDLORD'S PLAINT.

SHE played instrumental music in a way that made him grieve;
For 't was highly instrumental in making tenants leave.

NOT CONSIDERING THEM.

"I judge, then," said the lawyer, "that your conjugal relations are not happy."

"Well," answered the client, "some of my conjugal relations don't care two straws how me and my wife gets along, and others of them, particularly my wife's mother, just delights to see us quarrel. But I don't see as it 's their business; and you bet, if I make up my mind to separate from my wife, I ain't goin' to ask whether my conjugal relations is happy or not!"

BETWEEN WALTZES.

MOLLY.—He said the world had been a desert to him till he met me.

POLLY.—That explains why he dances so like a camel, I suppose.

SALVAGE.

April weds December.
An ill-assorted pair?
Some people take old wrecks and find
No little salvage there.

IN PARADISE.

EVE.—That new spirit? I heard some one call him Cholly.

ADAM.—Dear me! Who 'd ever take him for one of the family?

MISREPRESENTING HER TASTES.

SHE.—Mercy! This paper says I am inclined to be stout. Do you think I am?

HE.—No, indeed! You hate it.

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A SERIOUS MATTER.

THE SULTAN.—I 'd like to speak to you about the light of the harem.

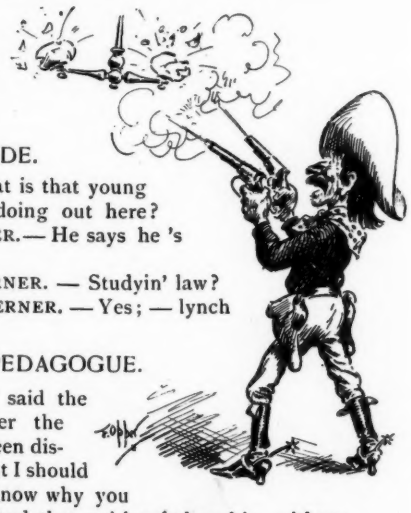
THE GRAND VIZIER.—Ah! the beautiful Fatima?

THE SULTAN.—No;—the light of the harem. Don't you think our gas-bills are getting altogether too high?

PLEASANT MEMORIES.

MRS. SUBBUBS.—Our cook is the most incompetent—

SUBBUBS.—Don't say that. Don't you remember the meals we used to have just after she came here?



A SIMPLE CODE.

FIRST WESTERNER.—What is that young feller from the East doing out here?

SECOND WESTERNER.—He says he 's jest studyin' law.

FIRST WESTERNER.—Studyin' law?

SECOND WESTERNER.—Yes;—lynch law.

A SAGE PEDAGOGUE.

"Pardon me," said the visitor, after the school had been dismissed; "but I should like to know why you thrashed that red-headed urchin, without investigation, as being the cause of the disturbance which occurred behind your back? You could not possibly have seen who let that mouse loose, and he was the only boy in the room who was not laughing when you looked around."

"That was the reason," replied the teacher.

"THE HAIR OF THE DOG."

"Oh! what can mend a broken heart
That 's crushed by maiden guile?"
He cried, and straight another maid
Restored it with a smile.

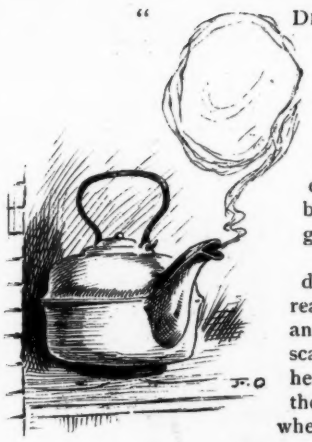
HE FORGOT HIS FORMULÆ.

THE NEW CANVASSER.—This soap, Madam, contains ninety-five per cent. alkali—

MRS. JONES.—Ninety-five per cent. alkali? But alkali is n't a good thing in soap.

THE CANVASSER.—U'm—er—true, Madam, true! I should have said that the fraudulent imitations of this soap contain ninety-five per cent. alkali—

WOMEN'S WAYS.



"DEAR ME!" said Mrs. Columbus Flatte, with a sigh, to her husband, on Saturday evening; "I feel just as if I 'd wasted a day!"

"Nonsense, my dear!" replied Columbus; "you have n't wasted a day since you were married, to my positive knowledge. I don't believe you ever wasted any before, either, although I squandered a good many of your evenings."

"Well, it seems so, anyway. I just sat down for a few minutes this morning to read PUCK, and Bridget let the work drag; and the dumbwaiter door burst open and scattered somebody else's garbage all over her clean kitchen. She gave me notice on the spot, but took it back this afternoon when I offered to stay at home for her to-morrow.

"Philomene Westover came in to lunch, and she 's so fond of that coffee cake, that you like, that I had to make her some; and that delayed me so that I could n't get ready for the matinée. I don't care much for that; but I think she might have left you some of the cake."

"Of course she might! The greedy thing! I 'll take it out of her husband at billiards, now, just for that!"

"Then she takes her tea so deadly strong, too!" Mrs. Flatte resumed. "It made me so nervous that I thought I 'd never get dressed. But she said she really felt the need of it, for their folding-bed exploded last night; and she had n't had a wink of sleep. Then I found I did n't have any money; for you know there 's so many thieves around; so I took that nice little check-book you gave me, and I tramped around to that old Columbine bank; and the paying-teller never looked up at me. I noticed there was a block in the window, and the shades were down; but I thought maybe it was to keep out the sun, so I said:

"'Is the bank closed?'

"And he says 'Yes,'—not 'Yes, Ma'am,'—just plain 'Yes;' real cross, too. And I said:

"'Well, what time does this bank close, anyway?'

"And he said real loud and drawly-like:

"'One o'clock on Saturdays!'

"And I said: 'Well, I suppose I could get my money if it was any other day, for it 's only seven minutes past three.' And he never answered me. Well, I knew, of course, the grocer would let me have the money for a check, just the same as he does you when we 're going to the theatre; so I gave that bank clerk one look, and I went up to the shelf, and I wrote out a check just as you taught me, 'Pay to—myself'—and I wrote out the '$^{00}/_{100}$,' too, so as to be sure to have it right. Took a line and a half; and over on the back I wrote, 'Pay to the order of Mr. McCutcheon.' Well, when I asked Mr. McCutcheon to change it for me, he looked it over, and he said:

"I 'll let you have the five dollars, Mrs. Flatte; you need n't bother about any check. This one is a little irregular;' and handed it back.

"'What will I do with it?' I asked.

"'Tear it up!' he says—just as if I was going to waste your money that way, when you work so hard! So I went and bought a bottle of ink eraser to take the 'Mc Cutcheon' off the back of it, and by that time it was too late for any shopping.

"We 've got ham for dinner to-night, dear; for while I was talking to McCutcheon, there was something twinkled in his eye when his face was straight—just like it does in yours when you 're laughing at me; and that embarrassed me so that I bought a ham, when we had one already."

Madeline Orvis.

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NO CHANGE.

THE PRIEST.—Muldoon, you promised me you were going to turn over a new leaf.

MULDOON.—Shure, yer riverence, Oi did turn over a new leaf.

THE PRIEST.—But you are in your usual condition.

MULDOON.—Thot 's jist it, yer riverence. No matter how many new leaves Oi turns over they read th' same ould t'ing on ivery page.

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A FOOLISH BOAST.

THE SUITOR.—I owe no man a cendt.

THE FATHER.—Hah!! Den you better git oudt undt hustle righd avay.

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THE "COLLEGE YELL" AT VASSAR.

A GROWING DOUBT.

FRIEND.—You must have a good many rejected jokes on hand by this time.

MR. SCRIBBLE.—Yes, indeed. In fact, some of them have been rejected so often that I begin to think that they are *not* jokes.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149—155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

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The greatest praise other emulsions can take to themselves is that they are

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Measured by this standard of the world, are these unknown preparations the thing for you to buy when health and life are at stake?

The Genuine Scott's Emulsion has a salmon-colored wrapper with a picture of the man and fish. Two sizes, 50c. and $1.00.

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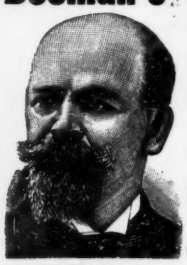

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25 cts. All Dealers. 25 cts.

HE.—Why do you call that what you 've thrown away "bachelor corn?"
SHE.—Because it won't pop.—*Adams Freeman.*

A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the World.

THE CLUB COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, MARTINI,
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TOM GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions the one which is aged must be the better.

Try our YORK Cocktail made without any sweetening—dry and delicious.

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AVOID IMITATIONS.

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

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39 Broadway, N. Y., Hartford, Conn. 20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

PEOPLE are not easily shocked after they are fifty years old.—*Atchison Globe.*

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IT WOULD COME LATER.

SILAS *(to his fiancée).*—How nice an' soft an' pleasant your mother do speak to me, Melinda.
MELINDA.—Yes; Ma don't holler till she 's out uv th' woods, yew bet!

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But Willy was two miles away, disputing a point with the umpire. — *Rockland Tribune.*

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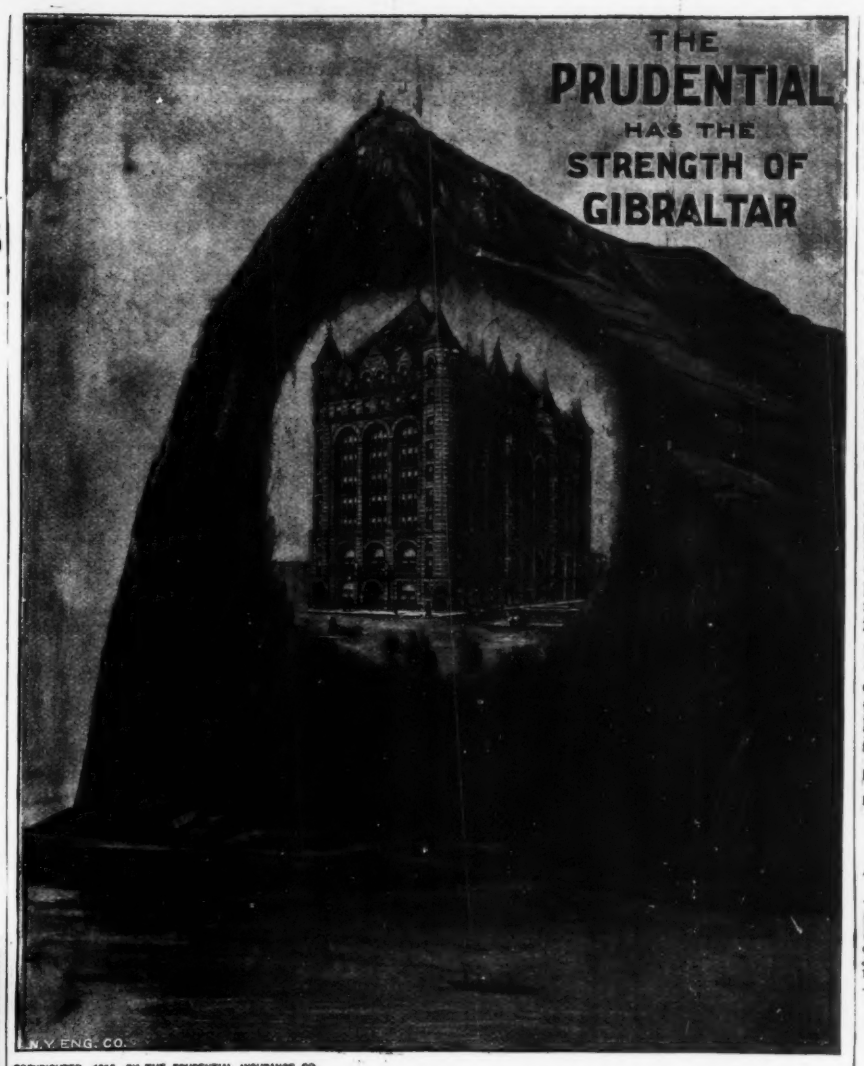

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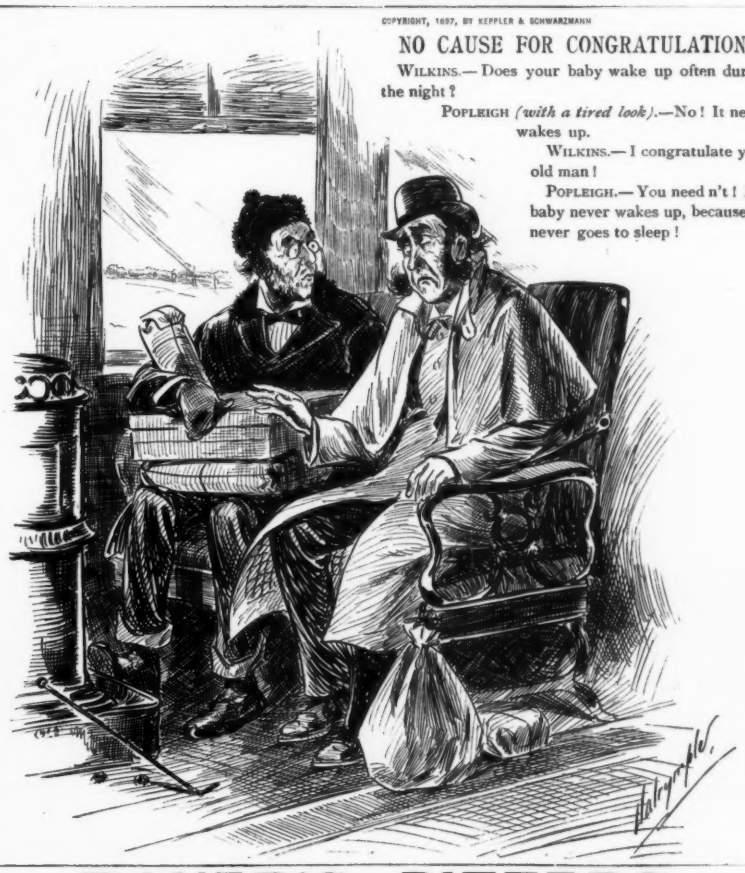
WILKINS.— Does your baby wake up often during the night?

POPLEIGH *(with a tired look).*—No! It never wakes up.

WILKINS.— I congratulate you, old man!

POPLEIGH.— You need n't! My baby never wakes up, because he never goes to sleep!



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LANDLORD. — I 'll send you down half a dozen life-preservers. Anything else? — *Detroit Free Press.*

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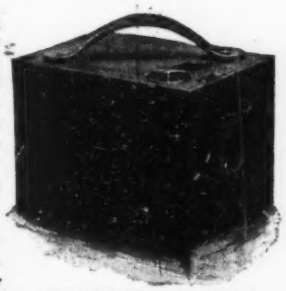

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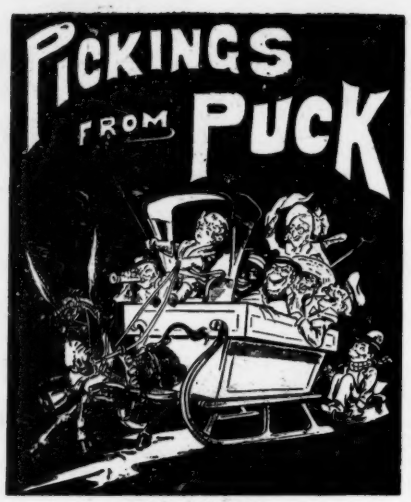

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CASH!

BEAUTY IS engaged to Wealth.
Ring ye bells, Oh, merrily!
Never mind her sighs by stealth,
Never mind what he may be.

He has bought fine goods before,
Pays hard cash — nay, do not smile,
Society is but a store
Where one pays something more for style.

Aye! when the trade is solemnized,
(Perhaps my tongue 's a trifle rash,)
Some day I would not be surprised
To hear the parson cry out "Cash!"

Tom Hall.

WHY SHE CUTS THEM.

FIRST PHILOSOPHER. — It is a singular fact that man is the only animal that does not swim naturally.

SECOND PHILOSOPHER. — I have heard that very young babies will if thrown into water.

FIRST PHILOSOPHER. — It will make an interesting experiment. Let us ask Mrs. Bridebirdie to try it.

A PRACTICAL OPINION.

PRUYN. — You surely think Civil Service Reform a good thing, don't you?

CHAIRMAN PERKINS. — Well, I dunno. These here examinations makes it cost a feller about as much fer an eddycation as it uster fer assessments.

VERY CHARACTERISTIC.

CALKINS. — Did Simmons get in one of his characteristic blows?

JALKINS. — Yes; he said he could put Fitzcorbett to sleep in three rounds.

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"They expect to have bigger crowds in Canton than at any time during the campaign."

"What now? Is the original McKinley man going to pay the Major a visit?"

"No; the members of his cabinet are going there to fix up the details as soon as the railroads arrange excursions."

THE PEN AND SWORD.

LIEUTENANT. — We have n't enjoyed our usual victory this month. The fact is, we are running short on ammunition.

WEYLER. — What! No ink in the city?

BUT IT SPRINGS FROM BELOW.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER. — There is one great power that has lifted the world out of darkness. It is higher than human authority or courts. We call it the Light of the World. What is it, children?

CHILDREN. — The Standard Oil Company.

THEY INDICATE SOME SORT OF A RISE.

FREDDY. — Grandpa, what do these black marks in the paper mean?

GRANDPA. — Well, Freddy, without my glasses I can't tell whether they indicate Baking Powder, Death, or Circulation.

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When flowers hang frozen o'er the path,
One cheerful item is:
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Their frizzes now stay friz.

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BACKBAY BEAN. — For farming, the West is unsurpassed. All through Illinois the fields were laid out perfectly square, and each one had a lamp-post at every corner. When the district becomes settled it 's going to be an ideal farming community.

NICK R. BOCKER. — Pshaw! Those were subdivisions to Chicago.

IN THIS workaday world your discretion will have a greater commercial value than your valor.

THE HAPPIEST kings in the world are they who wear paper crowns in the insane asylums.

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"Say," said the poet of Printing House Square, "give me a rhyme for 'new journalism.'"

"Make it 'true infernalism,'" the Old Time Editor suggested, instantly.

A WESTERN WEDDING.

"Did she have any duplicate presents?"

"Well — er — she had duplicates of a number of presents she received the last time she was married."

THE ATTRACTION.

WOMAN. — I see Mme. Zola does n't read her husband's books.

ANOTHER WOMAN. — She probably has some other way of knowing that they are not half as indecent as they are cracked-up to be.

REVOLUTIONARY.

TRAVELER. — Who governs here?

SOUTH AMERICAN INHABITANT. — Oh! we take turns.

ENOUGH SAID.

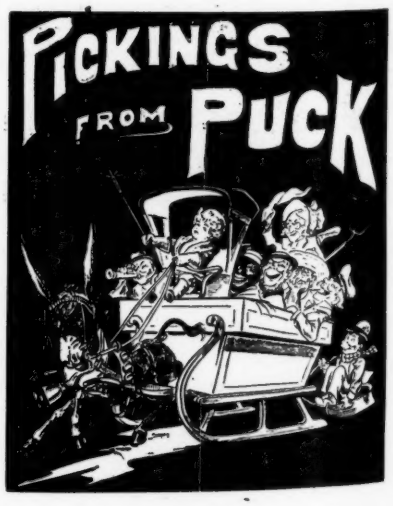
HE. — Well, all love — at any rate, *I* love — the true, the beautiful and the good.

SHE *(blushing)*. — I — I thought you did, George, and I 'm sure Papa will consent.

CONSISTENT.

"But I thought you were a civil service reformer?"

"Well, I am; but the service will never be reformed until there are more Republicans in it."



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LANDLADY.—I 'll rent you a room for ten dollars a week.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Good Champagne repairs waste. If you feel tired, try a bottle of *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne;* bouquet unrivalled.

Angostura Bitters was prepared by *Dr. Siegert* in South America sixty years ago for his private use. It is a fraud to say that imitations made in this country are just as good.

BY the time a man is able to buy all he wants to eat, he has no stomach.—*Atchison Globe.*

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There are tonics that build you up and tonics that don't. Abbott's—the genuine Angostura Bitters is the "building" kind. Druggists and dealers.

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America's Favorite TEN-CENT CIGAR. For Sale by first-class Dealers Everywhere.
"Received the Highest Award for Merit and General Excellency"—World's Columbian Exposition, 1893.

A MATTER OF FORM.

"Darling," he confided to her, "you are worth your weight in gold to me."

She thrilled with delight at his earnest words, yet she did not forget her plans for reducing the surplus. Through a system of rigorous dieting she was looking hopefully forward to a time when dress-reform would be practicable.

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POSSIBLE BUYER.—How about his speed?

"Speed? Well, I 'll tell you. Old man Grimes died the other day—died rich, you know—and it was understood that his will was to be read at the house after the funeral was over. Well, sir, I was out on the road with this horse that day, and hang me if I did n't beat the Grimes family back from the cemetery.—*New York Weekly.*

M. Stachelberg & Co's Havana Cigars

EST. 1857.
COSTLIEST BECAUSE BEST

TIMID OLD MAID.—I hope, driver, you will not run away with me.
DRIVER.—No, Mum; I 'm married.—*Yale Record.*

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UNCLE SAM wants bright men to fill positions under the government. CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS are soon to be held in every State. More than 6,000 appointments will be made this year. Information about Postals, Customs, Internal Revenue, Railway Mail, Departmental and other positions, salaries, dates and places of examinations, etc., *free* if you mention *Puck.*

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"THE HORSE," said the bicycle, whizzing by,
"Is pretty, and stylish and clever;
But he has a show about once a year,
While I 'm going on forever."
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

WHEN a bicyclist gets to lying, he does it as easy as a fisherman.—*Washington Democrat.*

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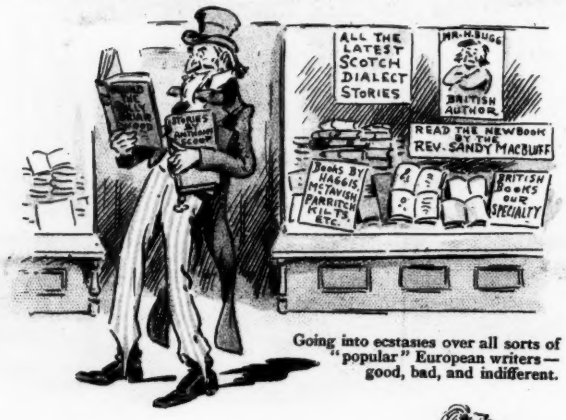
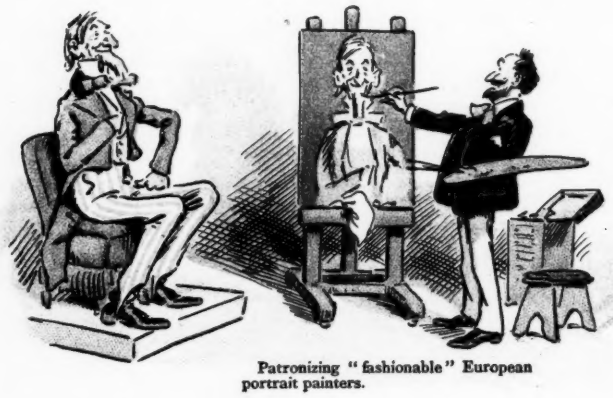
Giving enthusiastic support to mediocre European theatrical "attractions."



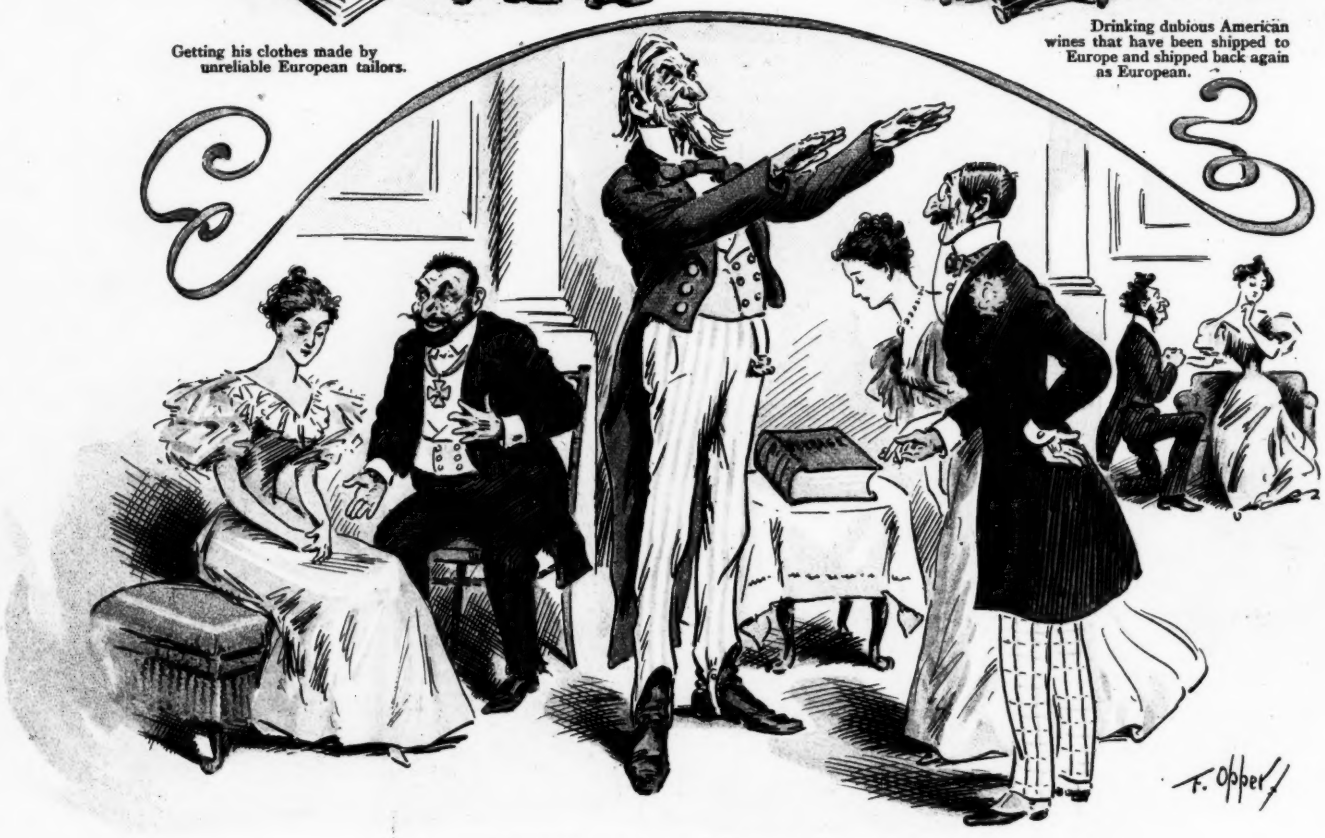
Going into ecstasies over all sorts of "popular" European writers—good, bad, and indifferent.



Patronizing "fashionable" European portrait painters.

Getting his clothes made by unreliable European tailors.

Drinking dubious American wines that have been shipped to Europe and shipped back again as European.



And marrying his daughters to hard-up and disreputable European "aristocrats."

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UNCLE SAM AS A "GOOD THING" FOR EUROPEAN MONEY-GETTERS.